TOMB OF DRACULA
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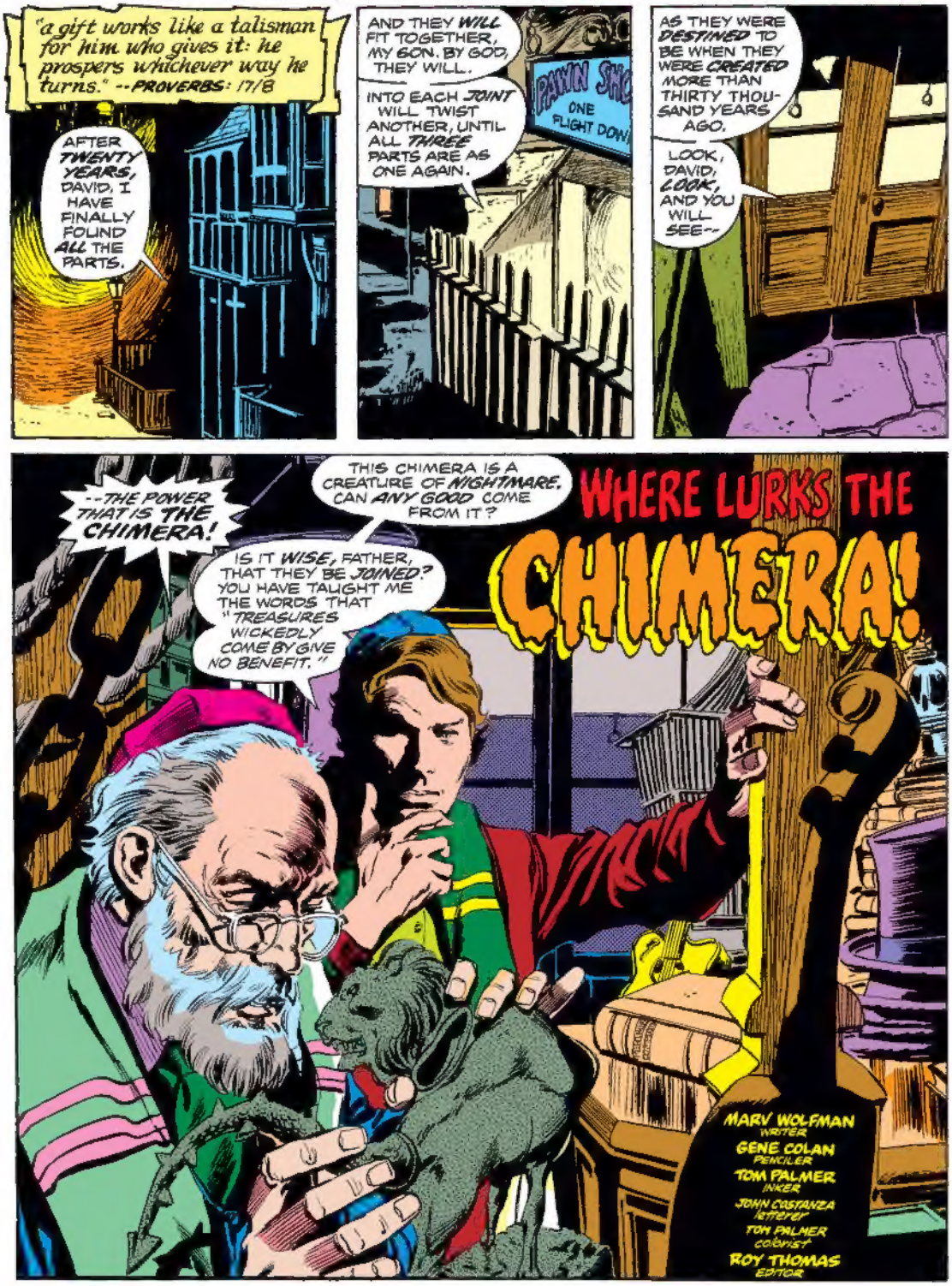
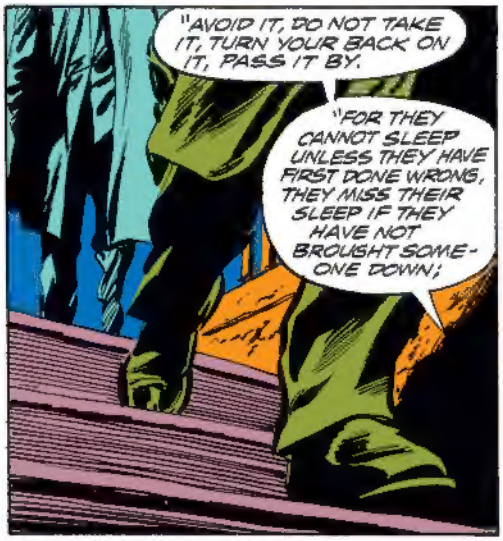
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
A VAMPIRE STALKS THE NIGHT!
YOU'LL GASP WHEN YOU SEE THE SOUL-SEARING SHOCK ENDING OF THIS TALE OF TERROR!

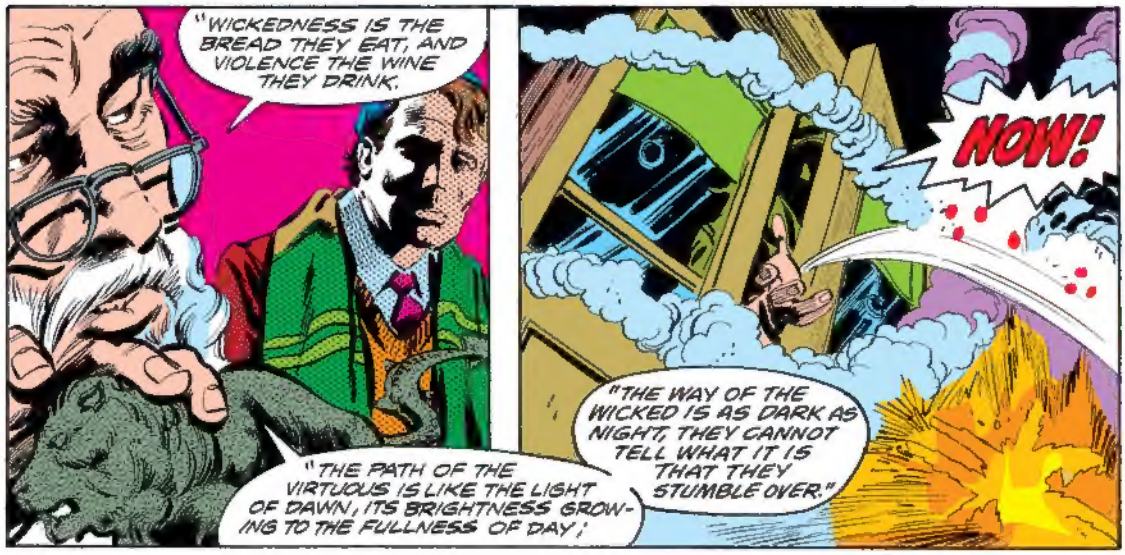
STan Lee PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!**


"a gift works like a talisman for him who gives it: he prospers whichever way he turns." --PROVERBS: 17/8
AFTER TWENTY YEARS, DAVID, I HAVE FINALLY FOUND ALL THE PARTS.
AND THEY WILL FIT TOGETHER, MY SON. BY GOD, THEY WILL.
INTO EACH JOINT WILL TWIST ANOTHER, UNTIL ALL THREE PARTS ARE AS ONE AGAIN.
PAWN SHO
ONE FLIGHT DOW
AS THEY WERE DESTINED TO BE WHEN THEY WERE CREATED MORE THAN THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO.
LOOK, DAVID, LOOK, AND YOU WILL SEE--
--THE POWER THAT IS THE CHIMERA!
THIS CHIMERA IS A CREATURE OF NIGHTMARE. CAN ANY GOOD COME FROM IT?
IS IT WISE, FATHER, THAT THEY BE JOINED? YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME THE WORDS THAT "TREASURES WICKEDLY COME BY GIVE NO BENEFIT."
WHERE LURKS THE CHIMERA!
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER
GENE COLAN PENCILER
TOM PALMER INKER
JOHN COSTANZA LETTERER
TOM PALMER COLORIST
ROY THOMAS EDITOR

ITS ORIGINS MAY HAVE BEEN TAINTED, DAVID, BUT MY SOUL IS CLEAN. THUS, MY SON, THERE IS ONLY ONE COURSE I MUST TAKE!
REMEMBER THE WORDS OF SOLOMON, WHEN HE SAID, "LISTEN, MY SON, TAKE MY WORDS TO HEART, AND THE YEARS OF YOUR LIFE SHALL BE MULTIPLIED.
"I HAVE EDUCATED YOU IN THE WAYS OF WISDOM, I HAVE GUIDED YOU ALONG THE PATHS OF HONESTY.
"AS YOU WALK, YOUR GOING WILL BE UNHINDERED, AS YOU RUN, YOU WILL NOT STUMBLE.

"HOLD FAST TO DISCIPLINE, NEVER LET HER GO, KEEP YOUR EYES ON HER, SHE IS YOUR LIFE.
"NEVER SET YOUR FOOT ON THE PATH OF THE WICKED, DO NOT WALK THE WAY THAT EVIL GO.


"AVOID IT, DO NOT TAKE IT, TURN YOUR BACK ON IT, PASS IT BY.
"FOR THEY CANNOT SLEEP UNLESS THEY HAVE FIRST DONE WRONG, THEY MISS THEIR SLEEP IF THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT SOME-ONE DOWN;


"WICKEDNESS IS THE BREAD THEY EAT, AND VIOLENCE THE WINE THEY DRINK.
"THE PATH OF THE VIRTUOUS IS LIKE THE LIGHT OF DAWN, ITS BRIGHTNESS GROWING TO THE FULLNESS OF DAY;
NOW!
"THE WAY OF THE WICKED IS AS DARK AS NIGHT, THEY CANNOT TELL WHAT IT IS THAT THEY STUMBLE OVER."

FATHER...? FATHER... WHERE ARE YOU? WHATS HAPPENED?
THERE'S THE OLD MAN-- GET HIM!
HE HAS WHAT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR IN HIS HANDS-- GRAB IT AND LET'S GO.
FATHER?!?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? LEAVE MY FATHER ALONE!
FEISTY BEGGAR. WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'IM?
BOSS SAID NOTHIN' 'BOUT THE SON-- JUST GET RIDDA HIM. FAST.
CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES THAT WE'LL BE SEEN.
OKAY, LET'S GO.
YOU GOT EVERY-THING?
YEAH-- JUST LIKE THE BOSS SAID.
UNHHH!
FATHER... OH MY LORD --FATHER?!?
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE...?
H-HE'S DEAD... THEY'VE KILLED HIM.
BUT HE HOLDS ONTO THE TAIL OF THE CHIMERA... HE HOLDS ONTO HIS GIFT.
"Under cover of the cloak a venal man takes the gift to pervert the course of justice."
--PROVERBS 17/23

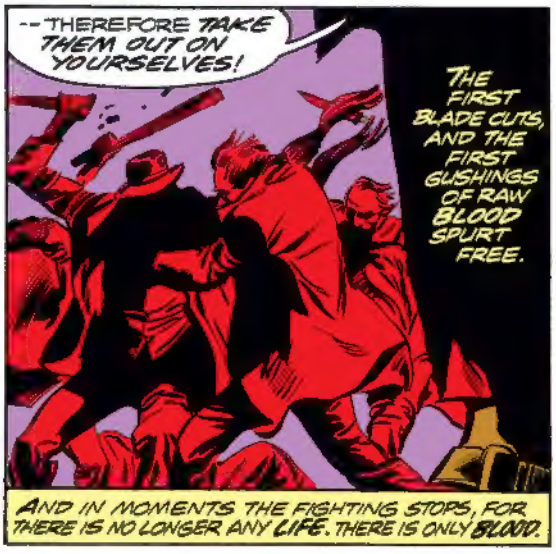
THERE ARE TEARS, OF COURSE, BUT THE SORROW WHICH WELLS WITHIN DAVID ESHCOL'S HEART IS ONE BEST DEALT WITH IN PRIVACY...
...THEREFORE, LET US TAKE LEAVE OF OUR POOR FRIEND FOR AWHILE, AND TRAVEL EASTWARDS TO INDIA, WHERE ANOTHER FRIEND MUST TAKE HOLD OF HIS OWN TROUBLES.
TAJ, ARE YOU IN THERE? TAJ? THIS IS RAMON, TAJ.
IT HAS BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE THE TALL INDIAN HAS LEFT THE SIDE OF RACHEL VAN HELSING. AND IN THAT TIME HE HAS FELT MORE THAN LONELINESS...
PLEASE, TAJ, IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WE SPEAK.
KNOCK KNOCK
FOR EVEN HIS OLD FRIENDS FROM HIS PAST LIFE HERE IN JAIPUR SEEM ONLY TO EXIST TO REKINDLE HIS MISERIES.
AH, I AM RELIEVED THAT YOU ARE WELL, TAJ.
BECAUSE, OLD FRIEND, I FEAR YOU SHALL NOT BE WHEN YOU HEAR WHAT I HAVE COME TO SAY.
YOUR WIFE NEEDS YOU, OLD FRIEND. SHE HAS ALWAYS NEEDED YOU.
AND YES, SHE REGRETS WHAT SHE SAID AFTER THE ACCIDENT WHICH ROBBED HER OF HER LEGS, AND YOU OF YOUR VOICE.
SHE TRULY LOVES YOU, OLD FRIEND-- AND SHE HAS SUFFERED TOO MUCH, FAR TOO MUCH FOR ANY-ONE WHO CAN HARBOR SUCH LOVE.
GO TO HER, TAJ. THERE WILL NOT BE MUCH TIME ONCE YOUR SON HAS DIED.
AND ONCE SHE DIES WITH HIM.
PLEASE, TAJ... FOR THE MAN YOU ARE, AND FOR THE HUSBAND YOU ONCE WERE, SEE HER.

HE IS SILENT AS ALWAYS, AND PERHAPS THAT IS WHAT MAKES THE PAIN HURT THAT MUCH MORE...
GO ON, TAJ-- IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER-- HIT ME! DO WHAT YOU MUST WITH THIS USELESS BODY!
BUT I WILL NOT GO AWAY, TAJ. I PROMISED HER I WOULD NOT...
...UNTIL I COULD RETURN WITH YOU.
YOU UNDERSTAND ME, THEN, MY SILENT OLD FRIEND? THANK ALLAH. YOU SHALL NOT REGRET YOUR DECISION.
I SWEAR YOU SHALL NOT.
THERE IS QUIET IN THE GAZE OF THE INDIAN NAMED TAJ. AND A SILENT TEAR TRICKLES DOWN-WARDS FROM HIS MOIST EYES.
HE BITES HIS LIP, ALREADY REGRETTING THE DECISION HE HAS MADE. BUT IT IS TOO LATE. HE MUST RETURN HOME.
LONDON: A CITY OF FOG-SHROUDED STREETS AND MURDEROUS MISTS.
AND TONIGHT-- A CITY OF DEATH!
HE'S THE ONE WHUT KILLED MY MARY. I SAW 'IM DO IT.
I SAW 'IM SMILIN' WHILE SHE SCREAMED OUT TO 'IM TO STOP--
--BUT 'E DIDN'T. 'E WENT RIGHT ON...!
BACK, YOU MINDLESS WRETCHES~
--DRACULA COMMANDS YOU: HALT!

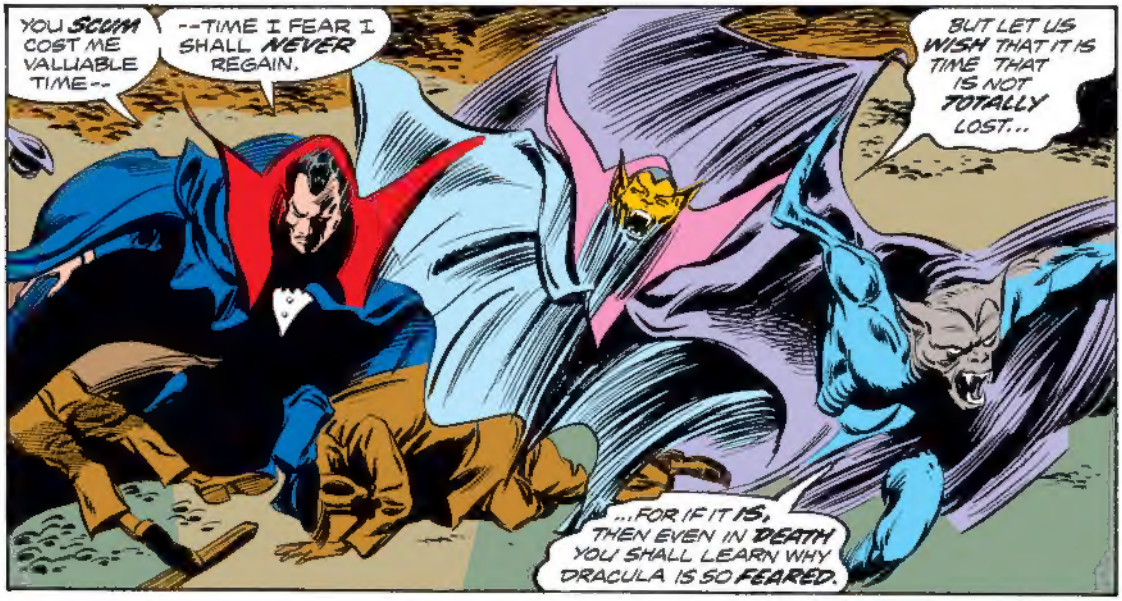
LIKE FLIES CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF SOME SINISTER SPIDER, THE ANGRY MOB HALTS, THOUGH THEY DO NOT KNOW WHY.
THEN SUDDENLY, ABNER GENT FEELS HIS BLOOD BEGIN TO BOIL. MARCUS TOWNESAND SENSES HIS SKIN STRETCHING, WHILE REGIS CROFT GRASPS HIS FACE IN PAIN AS ENDLESS THORN-SHARP NEEDLES PRICK HIS TENDER FLESH.

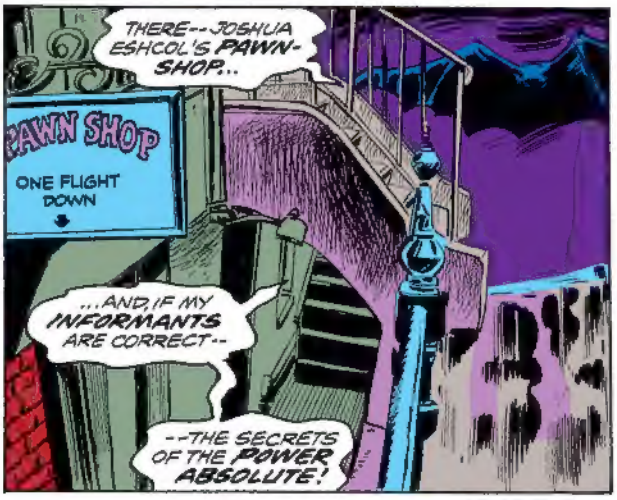
AND DRACULA CONTINUES TO STARE.

THE PAIN THAT EACH ONE LIVES BRINGS MADNESS TO HIS MIND. AND WHILE JUST A MOMENT BEFORE THEY WERE ABOUT TO SLAY THIS NIGHT-DEMON WHO STOLE THE LIFE-BLOOD FROM THEIR WOMEN--
--NOW THEY STAND UNMOVING LIKE SCULPTED MOUNDS OF CLAY WAITING FOR SOME MODERN PROMETHEUS TO GRANT THEM LIFE.
YOUR FRUSTRATIONS NEED AN OUT-LET, MY FRIENDS--


--THEREFORE TAKE THEM OUT ON YOURSELVES!
THE FIRST BLADE CUTS, AND THE FIRST GUSHINGS OF RAW BLOOD SPURT FREE.
AND IN MOMENTS THE FIGHTING STOPS, FOR THERE IS NO LONGER ANY LIFE. THERE IS ONLY BLOOD.

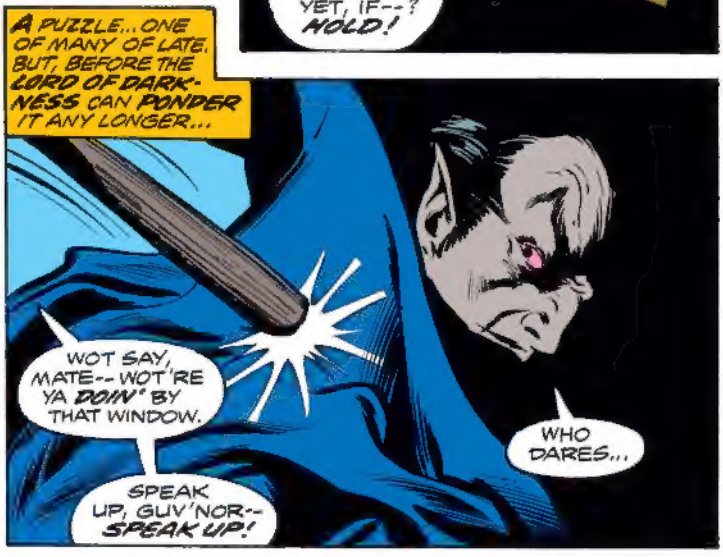
AND SOON THERE WILL NOT BE EVEN THAT.

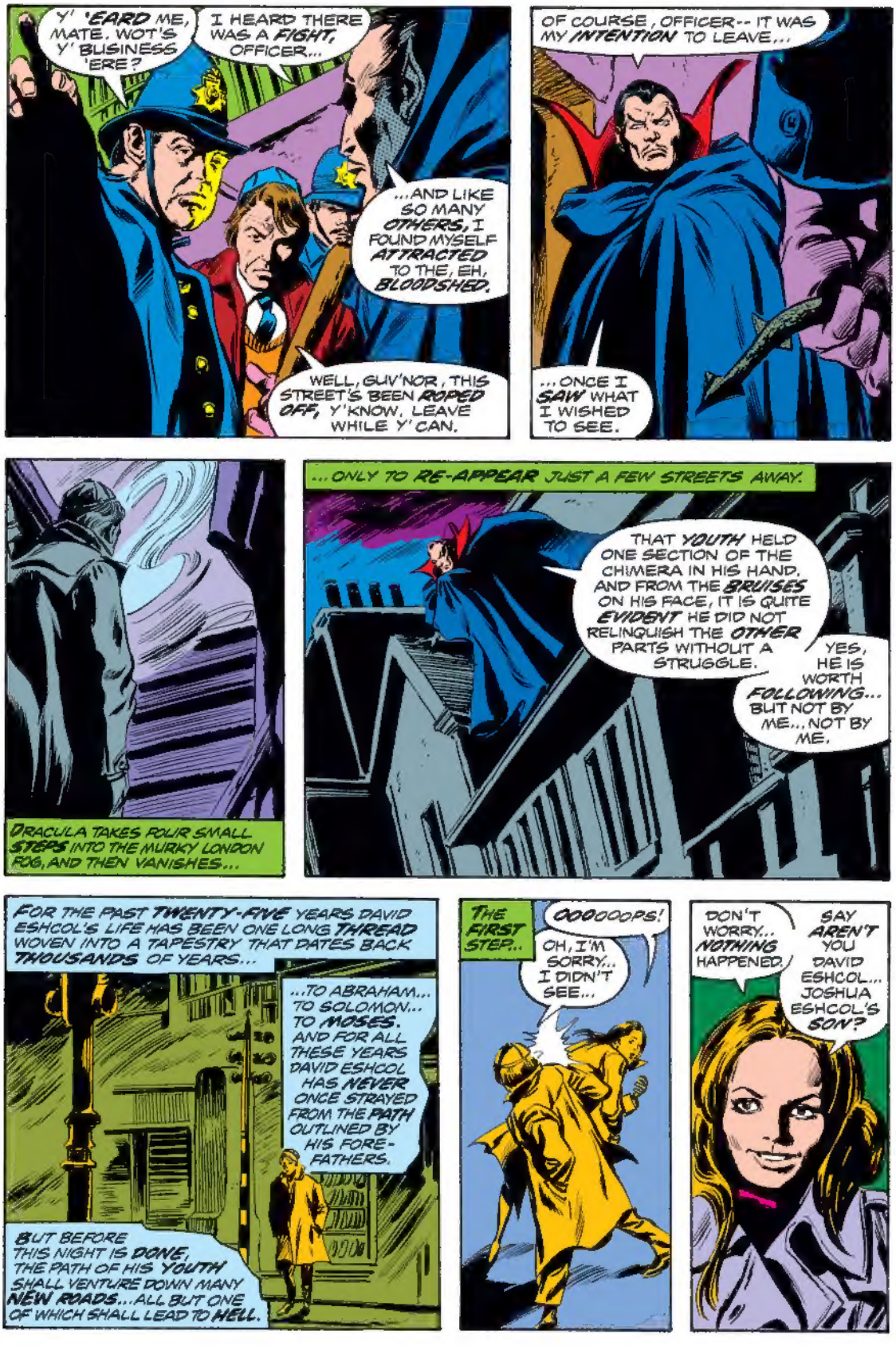

YOU SCUM COST ME VALUABLE TIME--
--TIME I FEAR I SHALL NEVER REGAIN.
BUT LET US WISH THAT IT IS TIME THAT IS NOT TOTALLY LOST...
...FOR IF IT IS, THEN EVEN IN DEATH YOU SHALL LEARN WHY DRACULA IS SO FEARED.


THERE--JOSHUA ESHCOL'S PAWN-SHOP...
PAWN SHOP
ONE FLIGHT DOWN
...AND, IF MY INFORMANTS ARE CORRECT--
--THE SECRETS OF THE POWER ABSOLUTE!

THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS OF THIS THING CALLED THE CHIMERA... A MYSTIC FETISH CREATED LONG BEFORE HISTORIES WERE SCRIBED.
I BELIEVED IT ONLY MERE FANCY, AND YET, IF--? HOLD!

I'M TOO LATE-- THIS CORPSE TESTIFIES TO THAT.
BUT WHO ELSE COULD HAVE KNOWN WHEN I ONLY LEARNED OF ITS EXISTENCE MERE HOURS AGO?


A PUZZLE... ONE OF MANY OF LATE. BUT, BEFORE THE LORD OF DARK-NESS CAN PONDER IT ANY LONGER...
WOT SAY, MATE-- WOT 'RE YA DOIN' BY THAT WINDOW.
SPEAK UP, GUV'NOR-- SPEAK UP!
WHO DARES...


Y' 'EARD ME, MATE. WOT'S Y' BUSINESS 'ERE?
I HEARD THERE WAS A FIGHT, OFFICER...
...AND LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, I FOUND MYSELF ATTRACTED TO THE, EH, BLOODSHED.
WELL, GUV'NOR, THIS STREET'S BEEN ROPED OFF, Y'KNOW, LEAVE WHILE Y' CAN.
OF COURSE, OFFICER-- IT WAS MY INTENTION TO LEAVE...
...ONCE I SAW WHAT I WISHED TO SEE.
DRACULA TAKES FOUR SMALL STEPS INTO THE MURKY LONDON FOG, AND THEN VANISHES...
...ONLY TO RE-APPEAR JUST A FEW STREETS AWAY.
THAT YOUTH HELD ONE SECTION OF THE CHIMERA IN HIS HAND. AND FROM THE BRUISES ON HIS FACE, IT IS QUITE EVIDENT HE DID NOT RELINQUISH THE OTHER PARTS WITHOUT A STRUGGLE.
YES, HE IS WORTH FOLLOWING... BUT NOT BY ME... NOT BY ME.
FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS DAVID ESHCOL'S LIFE HAS BEEN ONE LONG THREAD WOVEN INTO A TAPESTRY THAT DATES BACK THOUSANDS OF YEARS...
...TO ABRAHAM... TO SOLOMON... TO MOSES. AND FOR ALL THESE YEARS DAVID ESHCOL HAS NEVER ONCE STRAYED FROM THE PATH OUTLINED BY HIS FORE-FATHERS.
BUT BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS DONE, THE PATH OF HIS YOUTH SHALL VENTURE DOWN MANY NEW ROADS... ALL BUT ONE OF WHICH SHALL LEAD TO HELL.
THE FIRST STEP..
OOOOOOPS!
OH, I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T SEE...
DON'T WORRY... NOTHING HAPPENED.
SAY AREN'T YOU DAVID ESHCOL... JOSHUA ESHCOL'S SON?

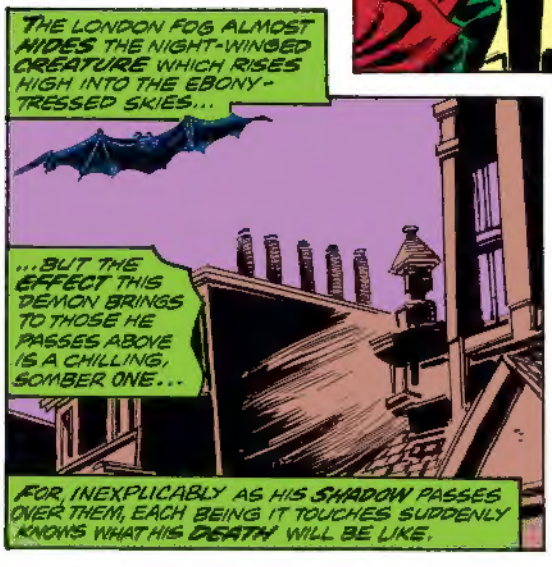
Y-YES I AM. BUT, HOW DID--?
I WAS ON MY WAY TO SEE YOU, OR RATHER, YOUR FATHER... WHEN I HEARD THE AWFUL NEWS.
OH, PARDON ME, WE HAVEN'T BEEN INTRODUCED. I'M SHIELA WHITTIER... FROM THE MUSEUM.

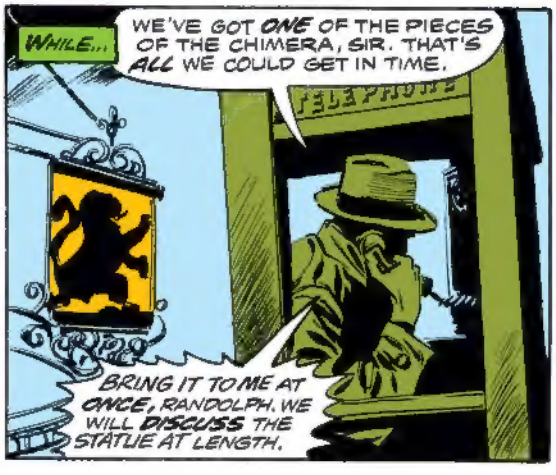
AH, GAMES WITHIN GAMES. LIES WHICH LEAD TO DECEPTIONS WHICH CAN ONLY LEAD TO MORE LIES.
GO, MY YOUNG FRIENDS, ENJOY YOURSELVES FOR THE NONCE. DRACULA HAS OTHER PLACES TO BE.

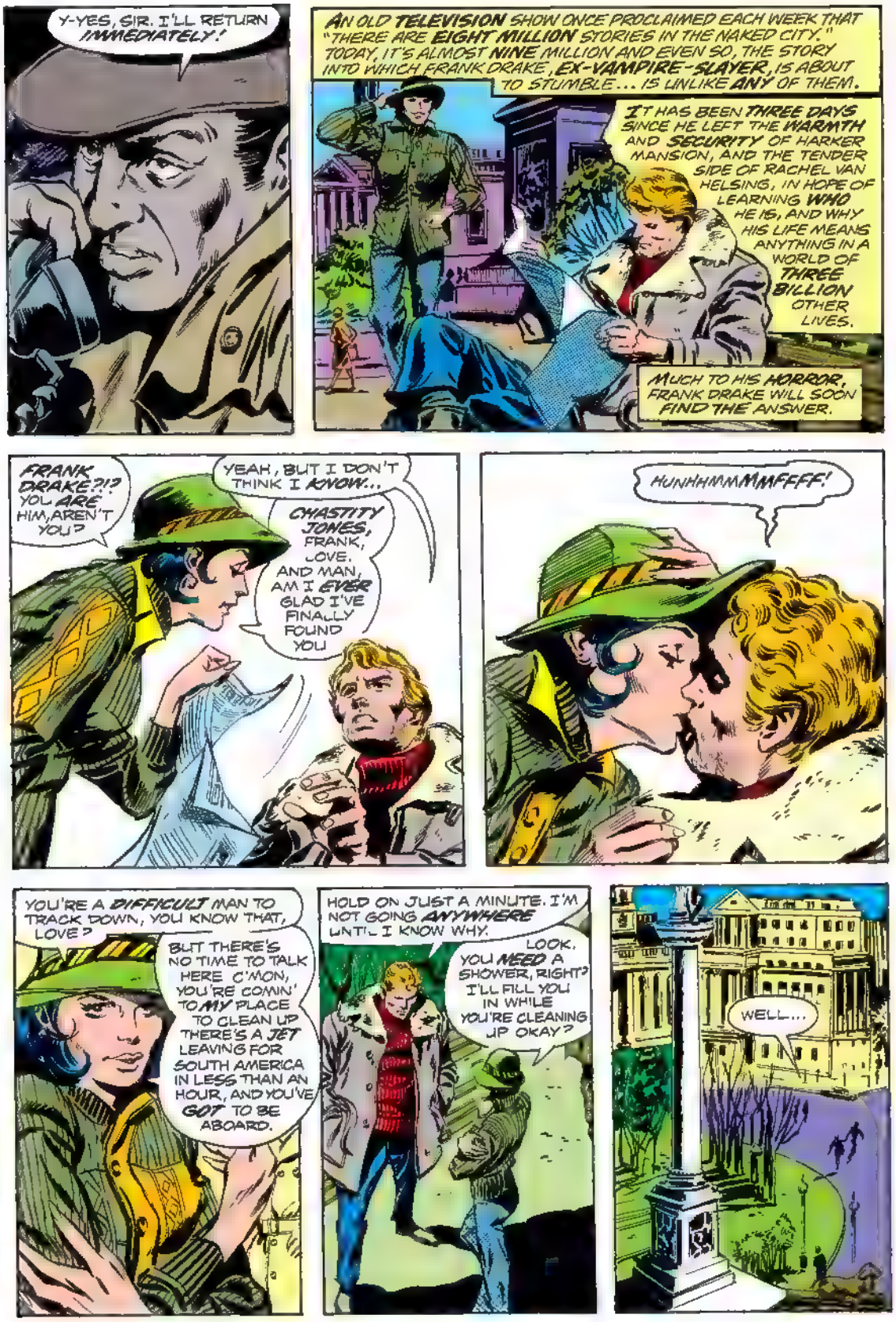
MUSEUM?
SURELY YOUR FATHER MENTIONED THAT HE HAD CONTACTED OUR PEOPLE ABOUT CONFIRMING THE AGE OF A CERTAIN STATUE?
NO, HE DIDN'T, BUT LET'S SIT DOWN... AND TALK...

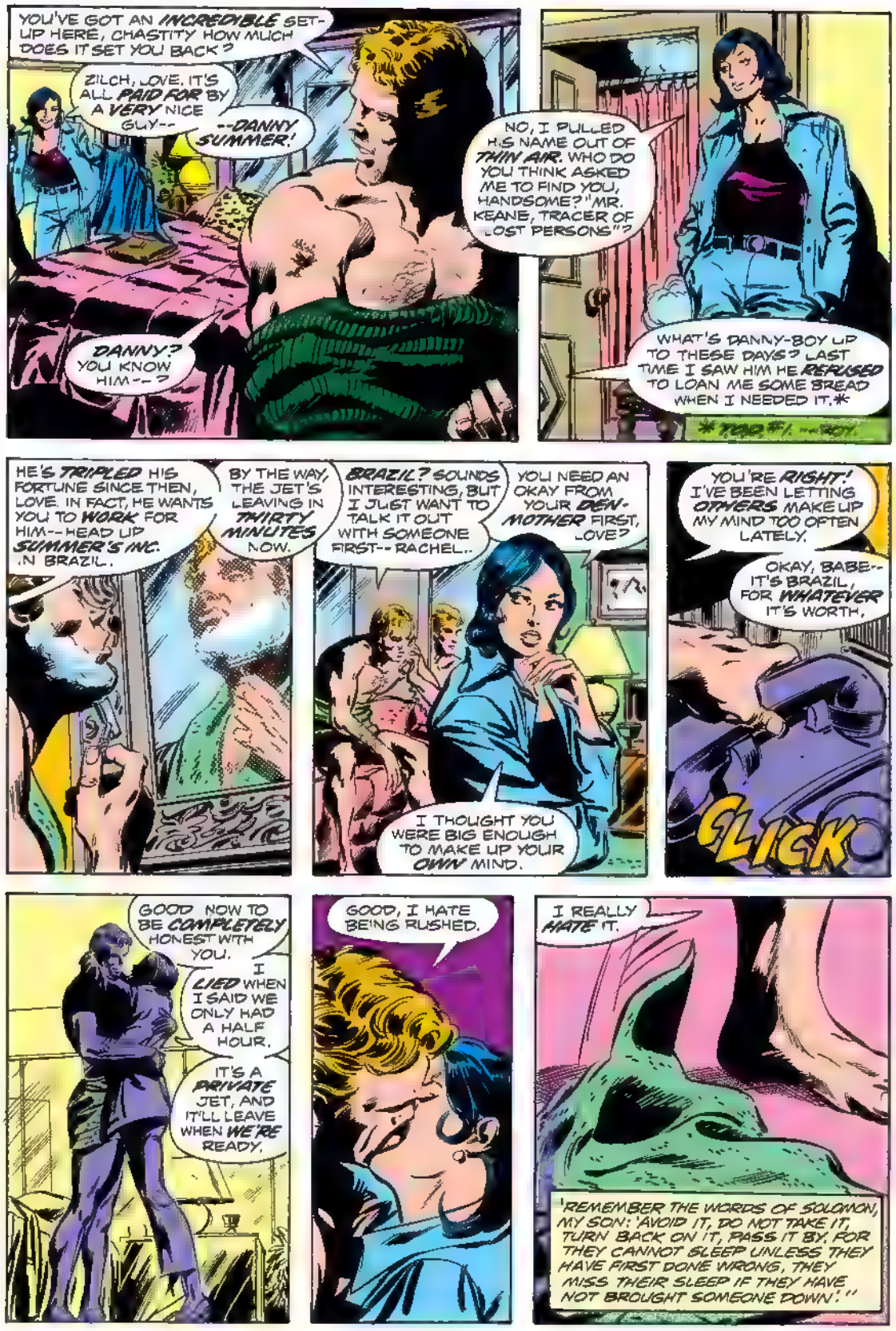
I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS.
ER, YOUR FATHER SAID THAT HE HAD A CERTAIN STATUE WHICH HE HAD JUST LOCATED. HE WANTED US TO VERIFY ITS AUTHENTICITY.

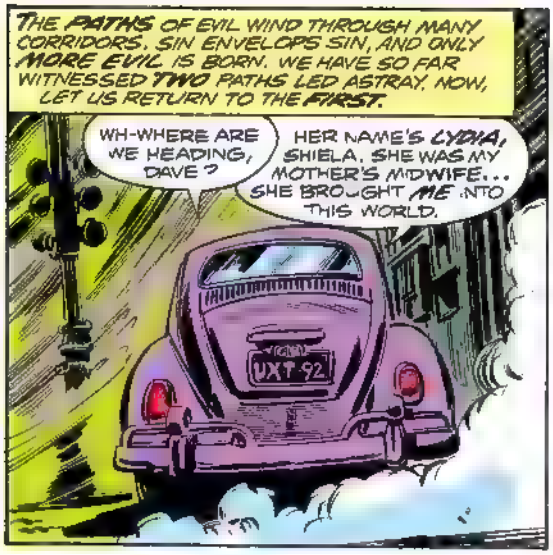
WELL, HE HADN'T SAID ANYTHING TO ME, BUT THEN, I WAS AWAY AT YESHIVA SCHOOL. HE MIGHT HAVE CALLED YOU...
...YET, I THOUGHT HE WANTED NO ONE TO LEARN ABOUT THE CHIMERA.
OH WELL, WE CAN TALK ABOUT IT LATER.


THE LONDON FOG ALMOST HIDES THE NIGHT-WINGED CREATURE WHICH RISES HIGH INTO THE EBONY-TRESSED SKIES...
...BUT THE EFFECT THIS DEMON BRINGS TO THOSE HE PASSES ABOVE IS A CHILLING, SOMBER ONE...
FOR, INEXPLICABLY AS HIS SHADOW PASSES OVER THEM, EACH BEING IT TOUCHES SUDDENLY KNOWS WHAT HIS DEATH WILL BE LIKE.


WHILE...
WE'VE GOT ONE OF THE PIECES OF THE CHIMERA, SIR. THAT'S ALL WE COULD GET IN TIME.
TELEPHONE
BRING IT TO ME AT ONCE, RANDOLPH. WE WILL DISCUSS THE STATUE AT LENGTH.


Y-YES, SIR. I'LL RETURN IMMEDIATELY!
AN OLD TELEVISION SHOW ONCE PROCLAIMED EACH WEEK THAT "THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY." TODAY, IT'S ALMOST NINE MILLION AND EVEN SO, THE STORY INTO WHICH FRANK DRAKE, EX-VAMPIRE-SLAYER, IS ABOUT TO STUMBLE... IS UNLIKE ANY OF THEM.
IT HAS BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE HE LEFT THE WARMTH AND SECURITY OF HARKER MANSION, AND THE TENDER SIDE OF RACHEL VAN HELSING, IN HOPE OF LEARNING WHO HE IS, AND WHY HIS LIFE MEANS ANYTHING IN A WORLD OF THREE BILLION OTHER LIVES.
MUCH TO HIS HORROR, FRANK DRAKE WILL SOON FIND THE ANSWER.
FRANK DRAKE?!? YOU ARE HIM, AREN'T YOU?
YEAH, BUT I DON'T THINK I KNOW...
CHASTITY JONES, FRANK, LOVE. AND MAN, AM I EVER GLAD I'VE FINALLY FOUND YOU
HUNHHMMMMFFFF!
YOU'RE A DIFFICULT MAN TO TRACK DOWN, YOU KNOW THAT, LOVE?
BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO TALK HERE. C'MON, YOU'RE COMIN' TO MY PLACE TO CLEAN UP THERE'S A JET LEAVING FOR SOUTH AMERICA IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, AND YOU'VE GOT TO BE ABOARD.
HOLD ON JUST A MINUTE. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNTIL I KNOW WHY.
LOOK. YOU NEED A SHOWER, RIGHT? I'LL FILL YOU IN WHILE YOU'RE CLEANING UP OKAY?
WELL...


YOU'VE GOT AN INCREDIBLE SET-UP HERE, CHASTITY HOW MUCH DOES IT SET YOU BACK?
ZILCH, LOVE. IT'S ALL PAID FOR BY A VERY NICE GUY--
--DANNY SUMMER!
DANNY? YOU KNOW HIM--?
NO, I PULLED HIS NAME OUT OF THIN AIR. WHO DO YOU THINK ASKED ME TO FIND YOU, HANDSOME? "MR. KEANE, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS"?
WHAT'S DANNY-BOY UP TO THESE DAYS? LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE REFUSED TO LOAN ME SOME BREAD WHEN I NEEDED IT.*
* TOO BAD, --ROY.
HE'S TRIPLED HIS FORTUNE SINCE THEN, LOVE. IN FACT, HE WANTS YOU TO WORK FOR HIM-- HEAD UP SUMMER'S INC. IN BRAZIL.
BY THE WAY, THE JET'S LEAVING IN THIRTY MINUTES NOW.
BRAZIL? SOUNDS INTERESTING, BUT I JUST WANT TO TALK IT OUT WITH SOMEONE FIRST-- RACHEL..
YOU NEED AN OKAY FROM YOUR DEN-MOTHER FIRST, LOVE?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND.
YOU'RE RIGHT! I'VE BEEN LETTING OTHERS MAKE UP MY MIND TOO OFTEN LATELY.
OKAY, BABE-- IT'S BRAZIL, FOR WHATEVER IT'S WORTH.
CLICK
GOOD. NOW TO BE COMPLETELY HONEST WITH YOU.
I LIED WHEN I SAID WE ONLY HAD A HALF HOUR.
IT'S A PRIVATE JET, AND IT'LL LEAVE WHEN WE'RE READY.
GOOD, I HATE BEING RUSHED.
I REALLY HATE IT.
'I REMEMBER THE WORDS OF SOLOMON, MY SON: 'AVOID IT, DO NOT TAKE IT, TURN BACK ON IT, PASS IT BY. FOR THEY CANNOT SLEEP UNLESS THEY HAVE FIRST DONE WRONG, THEY MISS THEIR SLEEP IF THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT SOMEONE DOWN!''


THE PATHS OF EVIL WIND THROUGH MANY CORRIDORS, SIN ENVELOPS SIN, AND ONLY MORE EVIL IS BORN. WE HAVE SO FAR WITNESSED TWO PATHS LED ASTRAY. NOW, LET US RETURN TO THE FIRST.
WH-WHERE ARE WE HEADING, DAVE?
HER NAME'S LYDIA, SHIELA. SHE WAS MY MOTHER'S MIDWIFE... SHE BROUGHT ME INTO THIS WORLD.
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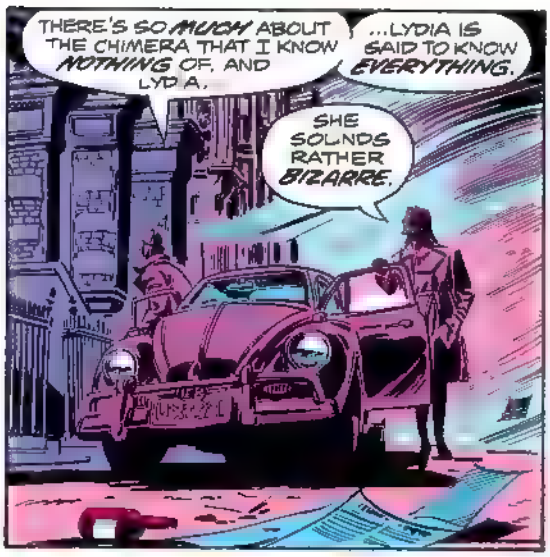

THERE'S SO MUCH ABOUT THE CHIMERA THAT I KNOW NOTHING OF, AND LYDIA.
...LYDIA IS SAID TO KNOW EVERYTHING.
SHE SOUNDS RATHER BIZARRE.

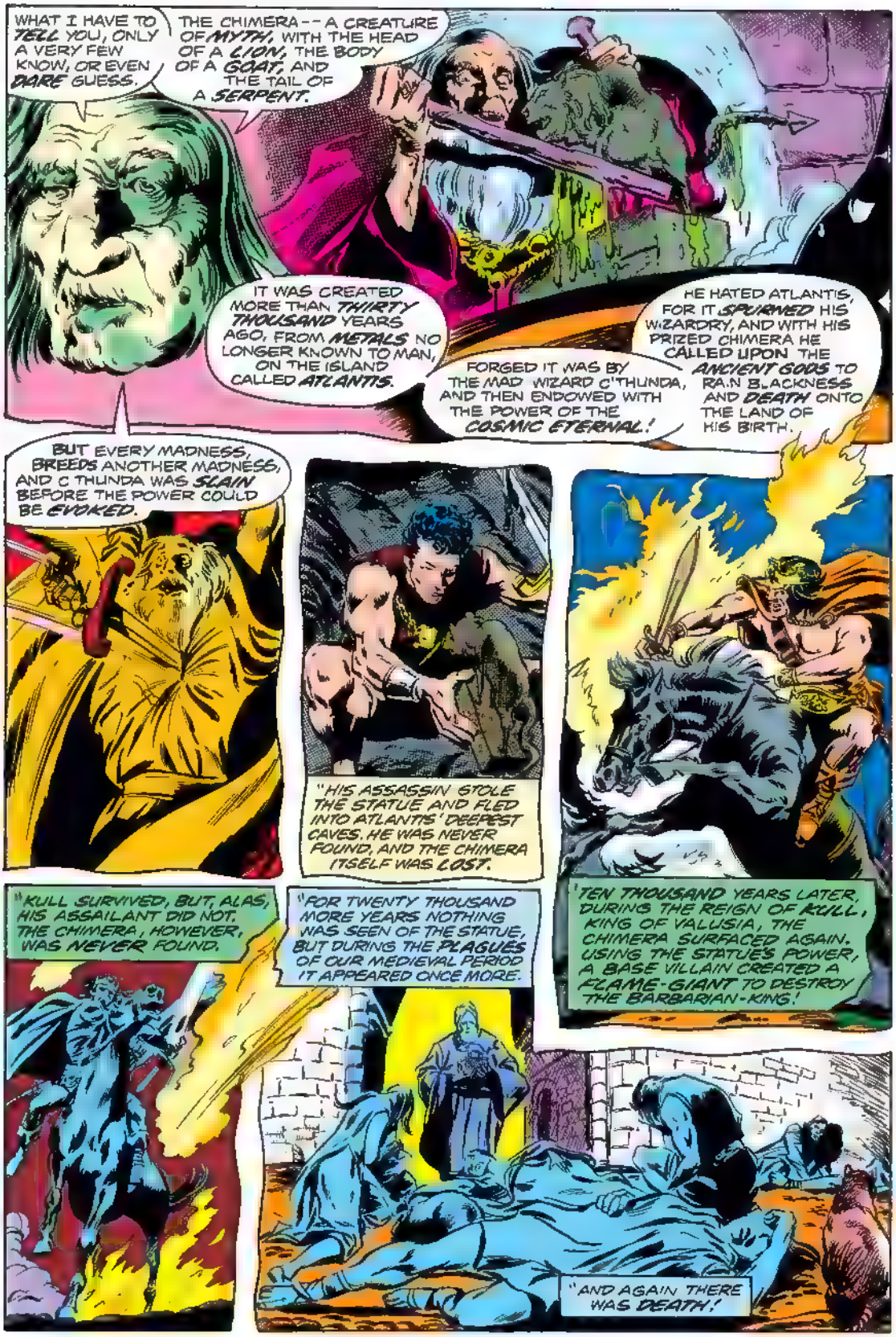
ALL OLD WOMEN LIKE LYDIA SOUND BIZARRE. THEY HAVE LOCKED THEMSELVES AWAY IN THEIR ONE-ROOM APARTMENTS, THEY VANISH AT NIGHT, BUT THEY'RE ALWAYS THERE WHEN THEY ARE NEEDED.
YOU MAKE HER SOUND LIKE SHE'S A WITCH.
YEAH, I GUESS I DO

BUT LYDIA IS SOMEONE I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN MY PROBLEMS TO, AND MY FATHER, GOD REST HIS SOUL, SAID THAT HE ALWAYS WENT TO HER, TOO--
-EVEN WHEN HE WAS A YOUTH

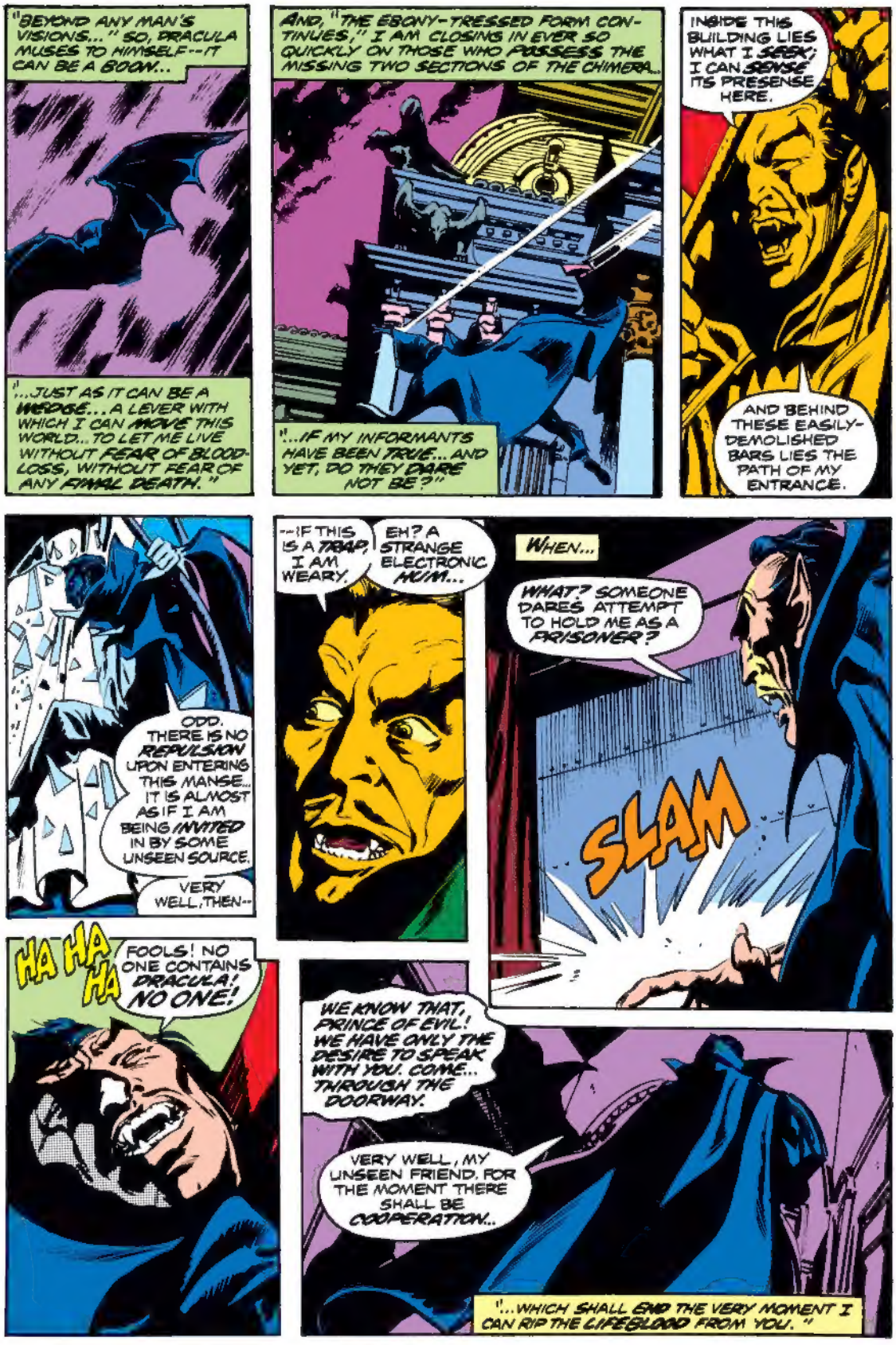
COME N, DAVID ESHCOL, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
KNOCK KNOCK

HOW DID SHE KNOW--?
THERE IS LITTLE I DO NOT KNOW, GIRL. BUT THIS TIME I MUST CONFESS, I CAN ALWAYS TELL DAVID BY HIS FOOTSTEPS.
THERE IS A MUSIC TO THEM I WILL NEVER FORGET

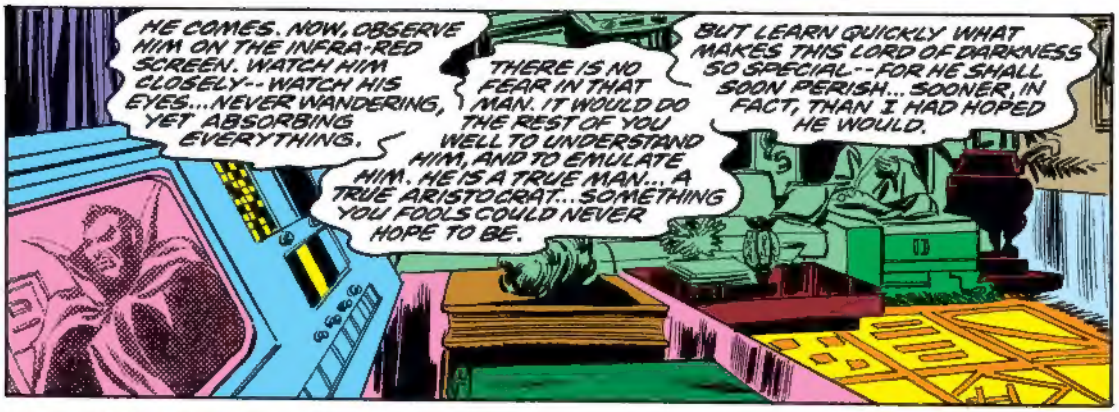
LYDIA, MY FATHER, HE--
I ALREADY KNOW, DAVID, AND I HAVE ALREADY CRIED FOR HIM.
BUT YOU ARE HERE FOR OTHER REASONS AS WELL-- TO LEARN OF THE CHIMERA.
SO LISTEN, MY DAVID. LISTEN.


WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU, ONLY A VERY FEW KNOW, OR EVEN DARE GUESS.
THE CHIMERA -- A CREATURE OF MYTH, WITH THE HEAD OF A LION, THE BODY OF A GOAT, AND THE TAIL OF A SERPENT.
IT WAS CREATED MORE THAN THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO, FROM METALS NO LONGER KNOWN TO MAN, ON THE ISLAND CALLED ATLANTIS.
FORGED IT WAS BY THE MAD WIZARD C'THUNDA, AND THEN ENDOWED WITH THE POWER OF THE COSMIC ETERNAL!
HE HATED ATLANTIS, FOR IT SPURNED HIS WIZARDRY, AND WITH HIS PRIZED CHIMERA HE CALLED UPON THE ANCIENT GODS TO RAIN BLACKNESS AND DEATH ONTO THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH.
BUT EVERY MADNESS, BREEDS ANOTHER MADNESS, AND C'THUNDA WAS SLAIN BEFORE THE POWER COULD BE EVOKED.
"HIS ASSASSIN STOLE THE STATUE AND FLED INTO ATLANTIS' DEEPEST CAVES. HE WAS NEVER FOUND, AND THE CHIMERA ITSELF WAS LOST.
TEN THOUSAND YEARS LATER, DURING THE REIGN OF KULL, KING OF VALUSIA, THE CHIMERA SURFACED AGAIN. USING THE STATUE'S POWER, A BASE VILLAIN CREATED A FLAME-GIANT TO DESTROY THE BARBARIAN-KING!
"KULL SURVIVED, BUT, ALAS, HIS ASSAILANT DID NOT. THE CHIMERA, HOWEVER, WAS NEVER FOUND.
"FOR TWENTY THOUSAND MORE YEARS NOTHING WAS SEEN OF THE STATUE, BUT DURING THE PLAGUES OF OUR MEDIEVAL PERIOD IT APPEARED ONCE MORE.
"AND AGAIN THERE WAS DEATH!

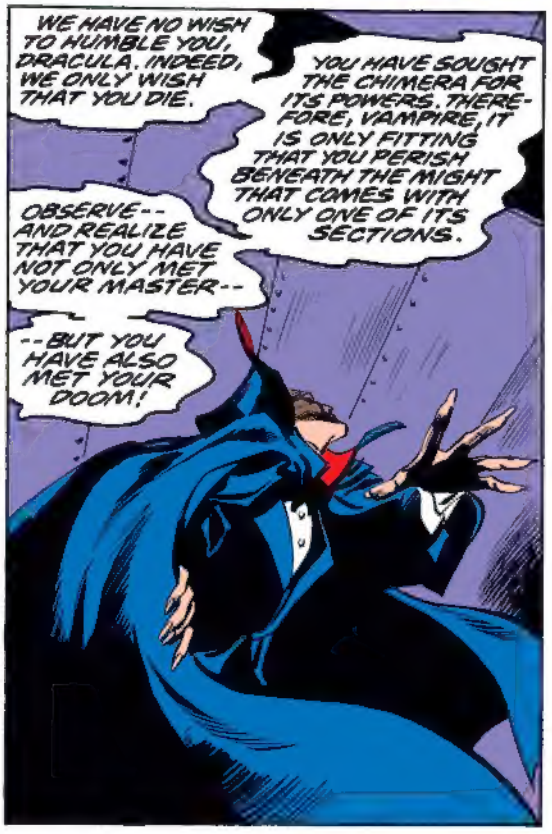
"MANY TIMES DID IT APPEAR BEFORE MANKIND.
"...AND WITH EACH APPEARANCE THERE WERE MORE HORRORS, MORE KILLINGS...MORE EVIL.
"BUT THEN IT VANISHED AGAIN--AND IT WAS PRESUMED DESTROYED UNTIL IT SURFACED RECENTLY."
IT SOUNDS LIKE FANTASY...
YET, DAVID, IT IS TRUE. I ASSURE YOU OF THAT.
YOUR FATHER KNEW THAT, BUT HE SOUGHT THE CHIMERA NOT BECAUSE HE WISHED TO DESTROY IT--BUT SO THAT IT WOULD NOT FALL INTO EVIL HANDS.
YOU SEE, DAVID, THE CHIMERA IS BUT A TOOL. ITS MAGIC MAY BE USED FOR GOOD ENDS--OR BAD.
KEEP IT IF YOU FIND IT. KEEP IT AND USE IT FOR GOOD.
COMPLETE, IT CAN GIVE YOU POWER TO GUIDE A WORLD, OR TO DESTROY ONE. BUT IF YOU FEAR YOURSELF, IF YOU BELIEVE YOU ARE NOT THE ONE WHO CAN TAKE THE WORLD TO A NEW-BORN PARADISE, THEN USE IT TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN.
YES, DAVID--THE CHIMERA CAN MEAN DEATH. BUT IT CAN ALSO MEAN LIFE.
LIFE, AND TREASURES BEYOND ALL BELIEF... BEYOND ANY MAN'S VISIONS.


"BEYOND ANY MAN'S VISIONS..." SO, DRACULA MUSES TO HIMSELF--IT CAN BE A BOON...
"...JUST AS IT CAN BE A WEDGE... A LEVER WITH WHICH I CAN MOVE THIS WORLD... TO LET ME LIVE WITHOUT FEAR OF BLOOD-LOSS, WITHOUT FEAR OF ANY FINAL DEATH."
AND, "THE EBONY-TRESSED FORM CONTINUES," I AM CLOSING IN EVER SO QUICKLY ON THOSE WHO POSSESS THE MISSING TWO SECTIONS OF THE CHIMERA...
"...IF MY INFORMANTS HAVE BEEN TRUE... AND YET, DO THEY DARE NOT BE?"
INSIDE THIS BUILDING LIES WHAT I SEEK; I CAN SENSE ITS PRESENSE HERE.
AND BEHIND THESE EASILY-DEMOLISHED BARS LIES THE PATH OF MY ENTRANCE.
ODD. THERE IS NO REPULSION UPON ENTERING THIS MANSE... IT IS ALMOST AS IF I AM BEING INVITED IN BY SOME UNSEEN SOURCE.
VERY WELL, THEN--
--IF THIS IS A TRAP, I AM WEARY.
EH? A STRANGE ELECTRONIC HUM...
WHEN...
WHAT? SOMEONE DARES ATTEMPT TO HOLD ME AS A PRISONER?
SLAM
HA HA HA
FOOLS! NO ONE CONTAINS DRACULA! NO ONE!
WE KNOW THAT, PRINCE OF EVIL! WE HAVE ONLY THE DESIRE TO SPEAK WITH YOU. COME... THROUGH THE DOORWAY.
VERY WELL, MY UNSEEN FRIEND. FOR THE MOMENT THERE SHALL BE COOPERATION...
"...WHICH SHALL END THE VERY MOMENT I CAN RIP THE LIFEBLOOD FROM YOU."

INSIDE, FRIEND. WE WAIT FOR YOU INSIDE.
LEAD ON QUICKLY, MAN. I FIND NO ENJOYMENT IN PLAYING GAMES.
AND I'M TIRED OF SPEAKING TO A FACELESS VOICE.


HE COMES. NOW, OBSERVE HIM ON THE INFRA-RED SCREEN. WATCH HIM CLOSELY--WATCH HIS EYES...NEVER WANDERING, YET ABSORBING EVERYTHING.
THERE IS NO FEAR IN THAT MAN. IT WOULD DO THE REST OF YOU WELL TO UNDERSTAND HIM, AND TO EMULATE HIM. HE IS A TRUE MAN... A TRUE ARISTOCRAT...SOMETHING YOU FOOLS COULD NEVER HOPE TO BE.
BUT LEARN QUICKLY WHAT MAKES THIS LORD OF DARKNESS SO SPECIAL--FOR HE SHALL SOON PERISH... SOONER, IN FACT, THAN I HAD HOPED HE WOULD.

ANOTHER DOOR SLIDING DOWN.
DO THEY TRULY BELIEVE SUCH A SIMPLE BARRIER WILL HUMBLE DRACULA?


WE HAVE NO WISH TO HUMBLE YOU, DRACULA. INDEED, WE ONLY WISH THAT YOU DIE.
YOU HAVE SOUGHT THE CHIMERA FOR ITS POWERS. THEREFORE, VAMPIRE, IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT YOU PERISH BENEATH THE MIGHT THAT COMES WITH ONLY ONE OF ITS SECTIONS.
OBSERVE--AND REALIZE THAT YOU HAVE NOT ONLY MET YOUR MASTER--
--BUT YOU HAVE ALSO MET YOUR DOOM!

WHAT? IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! IT CAN-NOT BE!
BUT IT IS, VAMPIRE. BEFORE YOU POURS ALL YOUR FEARS...
...BEFORE YOU COMES RUSHING ALL THE HORRIBLE DEATHS YOU HAVE EVER SUFFERED.
FEARFULLY, DRACULA BACKS AWAY AS THE FALLING LIQUID FLOWS EVER CLOSER.
FOR THIS LORD OF VAMPIRES KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN SHOULD EVEN ONE DROP OF THIS WATER TOUCH HIS LONG-DEAD FLESH...
...AND ALREADY HE CAN FEEL HIS SKIN BEGIN TO BURN... HIS BODY BEGIN TO SIZZLE WITH FLAMING DEATH.
FOR THIS IS NO ORDINARY WATER WHICH COMES GUSHING MADDENINGLY AT THE PRINCE OF EVIL...
...NO, THIS IS HOLY WATER!
AND FOR DRACULA, THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE!
NEXT: DEATH DWELLS IN THE SHADOWS!